

The Historie of

O, the Diuell take such coofeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vnckle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written bee assur'd,
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*.
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staies but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoote thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,
To ioine with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Henry the

Hot. He does, he does; w

Wor. Coolin, farewell. No

Then I by Letters shall direc

When time is ripe, which wil

He iteale to *Glendower*, and I

Where you and *Douglas*, and

As I will fashion it, shall happ

To beare our fortunes in ou

Which now we hold at much

Nor. Farewell good brot

Hot. Vnckle, adue: O let

Till Fields, & Blowes, & Gro

Enter a Carrier with a

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an it be n

Charles-waine is ouer the new

packt. What *Ostler*?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat

the point, poore iade is wru

Enter anothe

2. *Car.* Pease and Beanes

that is the next way to giue p

is turned vpside downe since

1. *Car.* Poore fellow neu

rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this to be

London road for Fleas, I am

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? b

christen, cold be better bit, t

2. *Car.* Why, you will all

wee leake in your Chimney,

Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What *Ostler*, com

2. *Car.* I haue a Gammon

ger, to be deliuered as farre a

1. *Car.* Gods body, the Tu

ued: what *Ostler*? a plague o

thy head? canst not heare,

C

Hot